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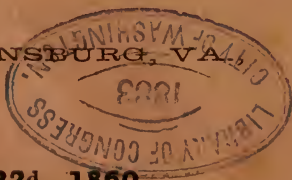
ADDRESS

OF

✓
WM. LEICH, ESQR.,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MILITARY AND CITIZENS

OF MARTINSBURG, VA.



FEB. 22d., 1860.

AMERICAN AND GAZETTE, PRINT,

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Since the death of Washington, it has become a very general custom to set apart his birth day as a national festival, to be devoted, in part at least, to the study of his life and actions and the principles which guided and governed them.

Such, Fellow Citizens, is the purpose for which we are now assembled. It is a beautiful and touching custom, the most striking form in which the gratitude of a Nation can clothe itself—acknowledging the conviction, that we shall arise from the contemplation of his virtues, as from a river of living waters, with patriotism, and all high and honorable motives of public and private action, refreshed and reinvigorated—founded also, let me hope, in a feeling of thankfulness to God, that he should have raised up among our fathers so good, and wise, and great a man, to guide them through the trials and perils which beset the infancy of this nation.

George Washington is in many respects—in most perhaps—the most wonderful man in history. Born in a part of the colony of Virginia remote from capital, with no advantages of early education, but such as are to be found in the common country schools, at the age when other youths are finishing their studies in a college, he is employed as a land surveyor, in a district (this country which we now live in) subject to Indian incursion. In this situation his pre-eminent merit seems almost immediately to have been recognized. At the age of nineteen he is appointed Ad-

jutant General of the Colony—the year following to the command of the troops, which the colony was raising for the defence of the frontier—a year or two later we find a British General then preparing to march against Fort Duquesne, negotiating to secure the services of the young Colonel; and Gen'l. Braddock's high appreciation of his merit, is fully justified by the distinguished services which he afterwards renders, on that disastrous expedition. This at the age of twenty-three. If it be alleged that the partiality of his friends was premature, in placing him at the head of the military men that the Colonies had yet produced, before that expedition—there can be no doubt that after that expedition, he was, and was justly entitled to be, so considered throughout America. Here we have the brilliant commencement of a career that was indeed to be glorious. Yet now that we can take in all the events of his life at a glance, we recognize that his qualities were rather solid and useful, than showy or brilliant. His greatness does not rest on military skill, nor on the sagacity which enabled him to step full fledged into the field of diplomacy, but on a combination of qualities that have rarely, if ever been united in one man. In him the intuitive insight into men and things, which marks a genius of the highest order, is so tempered by reason, judgment and high moral sense, that we scarcely recognize it as that erratic gift. He presents the noblest example in History, of ambition subjected to wisdom and moderation, of power subordinated to duty, of patriotism unsullied by selfish or grovelling weakness. His noble and majestic character, displays few of those meteoric splendors which dazzle a generation, but is rather to be likened to a rugged mountain peak, towering far above the clouds, whose massive and solitary grandeur, shall endure to the end of time.

In tracing back the course of history it is readily perceived, that its current has received its direction mainly from a few great minds. It is thus apparently that Providence shapes the affairs of men. A man fitted and endowed for the task assigned him appears, and does the work. In the earlier periods these men are generally—as Moses, Confucius, Zoroastre—founders of religious, social or political systems—later—as Alexander, Ghengis, Napoleon—they are destroyers. That Washington was one

of these Providential men there cannot be a doubt, and the farther the generations of men recede from him in time, the nearer he will approximate to those grand indistinct figures, which loom in the traditionary periods as heroes, sages, and demi-gods. He had learned the art of war under no great chieftan—no wiley politician had initiated him into the secrets of state-craft—the learning of the schools was not his—whence then the mighty powers which he brought to the aid of his country? they were from On High! and who can doubt that he was endowed with them for a special purpose. If we would rightly understand what that purpose was, we must go back to the last of those great quarrels, which have rent the Western Church.

The era of the Reformation is the grandest and most imposing in modern history. An age of external war and internal strife, when every motive that could intensify the passions of men, was present in excess, when every obligation of plighted faith and moral rectitude, was ruthlessly violated in the name of religion—a period of murderous battles and disastrous sieges, of plots and intrigues, poisoning, assassination, massacre. Earnest men in those days, animated by a faith as pure, a zeal as fiery as ever courted or defied martyrdom, struggled in the opposing ranks—Luther and Calvin, Loyola and Philip II, and Gustavus Adolphus. It was not until the fell spirit aroused in this religious controversy was sated with carnage, that Europe emerged divided as at present into Catholic and Protestant States. Society panting and exhausted, at length found leisure to review the crimes committed in the name of Religion, and it relapsed into the frivolous skepticism, and infidel philosophy of the XVIII century. It became fashionable to doubt and to disbelieve, to dismiss the gravest questions with a witticism or an epigram, to sneer at religion and morality as shams. The licentiousness of this, exceeded the military licence and ferocity of the former period. Men sated with vice, cooled their parched and fevered imaginations, in fanciful visions of the unsophisticated purity and simplicity of nature. A mawkish sentimentalism became the cheap substitute for virtue.

The class of nobles was originally a national militia.

The lauds privileges and immunities with which it was endowed, was in compensation of services rendered or due to the State. In the wars which followed the Reformation, this Feudal militia was displaced by the substitution of standing armies. The Feudal System thus received its death blow, but the nobles remained, their privileges intact, without any of the correlative obligations on which they had originally depended. Let me add, that starting from the same period the human mind had taken a mighty impulse; Commerce had spread her golden wings; and Science already soared into those realms of unimaginable space, whence she has brought us so many of the secrets of the Universe.

Thus towards the close of the XVIII century, an infidel philosophy pervades the upper strata of society, with corruption of manners—the middle classes are panting to embark in that career of material prosperity which looms in the future—the great masses are crushed and ground down by intolerable burdens and exactions, which no longer have the slightest pretext in reason, or in justice. The world is ripe for change.

It is now that the hand of Providence becomes unmistakably visible. No trumpet sounds in the Heavens, followed by earthquakes, and thunderings, and lightnings, with a wail of mortal agony, fitful in the shriek of the hurricane, and the roar of waters—but the meek calm voice of a few feeble colonists, utters a protest against the prevailing corruption—announces the true source of human authority—defines the true relation of rulers to the governed. The great underlying principles of the Reformation are transferred from the domain of Religion, to the institution of Political Government. Such was the American Revolution!—child of a mother clothed in the Sun, with the Moon under her feet, and a glory of Stars around her head—to rescue that child from the great red Dragon, and to lay it at the foot of the Throne of God—such was the task of Washington!

It was a beacon of hope to the millions of oppressed—the lamp of political regeneration lighted up in the wilderness—to feed its feeble flame, to shelter it from the rude blasts with which the powers of evil were to assail it—such was the task of Washington!

At the breaking out of the American Revolution, England flushed with recent triumph over foes and rivals in every quarter of the globe, was by far the most powerful nation of the earth. Her monarch was honest and upright, but narrow-minded and bigoted. It may be permitted us to doubt, whether he fully comprehended the full import of those measures, which precipitated a contest of principle. Those principles had taken deep root among his immediate subjects at home, and ever served to stay his arm in the fratricidal struggle that ensued. That gallant people also of Western Europe, that challenges equally our gratitude and our admiration, was brooding the mortification of temporary discomfiture, and biding an opportunity to retrieve its faded prestige. The British Monarch having brought on the Revolution by a too obstinate adherence to an ill judged policy, found it necessary to put forth the vast military power of his Empire, to preserve the integrity of his dominions. By wisdom in council, by conduct in the field, to guide that Revolution to its triumphant issue—was the task of Washington. His commanding figure stands out from the Revolution—alone amid the gloom—radiant with a never dying glory. Surely God has never entrusted so beneficent a task to mere man, since the days when Moses led his chosen people out of Egypt.

How nobly his work was done—with what consummate sagacity, he utilized the sympathies of mankind, and the feeble resources of the infant nation—how he guided it through the perilous days of the Revolution, the dreary period of the confederation, and led the tottering giant through the first eight years of the operation of this government, is too well known, that I need to dwell upon them before an audience of his countrymen. I am chiefly solicitous to avoid pompous insipidities, and hackneyed commonplace. But shall I be deemed to infringe this rule if I remind you, that the Nation with whose feeble infancy his name is forever identified, now stalks the path to Empire with a boldness of stride that bewilders the world—that the feeble flame which he fed and sheltered with parental solicitude, now flares with intolerable blaze on oppression and injustice wherever they exist—that Tyrants pale, and thrones and institutions crumble into dust, in the fierce intensity of its light.

It once happened to me, to travel in a land which is traversed by some of the Western ranges of the Andes. A timely start had brought our party in the early dawn to the summit of a mountain pass. Beyond and below us stretched a vast lake of pure white vapour, enclosed as it were within a chain of mountain peaks, towering and sharply defined in the keen morning air, like the sides of a huge caldron. Whether it was a cloud that lay below us I know not; but while we yet gazed, the first rays of the rising sun fell upon it, and all was instantly violent commotion. The whole mass seemed in a state of ebullition, it raged, and heaved, and surged from side to side, huge volumes rushed impetuously to and fro, conveying the idea, that had the mighty power evolved been exerted through a more substantial medium, they would have sufficed to overturn the solid mountains from their bases. Slowly it rose—it poured over the lower gorges and disappeared, revealing to us beneath, a lovely valley, dotted with flocks, and herds, and patches of cultivation, a village in the distance, and a silver stream meandering through the middle.—Such is the figure by which I shall hope to impress you, with the mighty effects of that protest which issued from the wilds of America—of that pale gleam, which from athwart the Atlantic, fell on the abuses and corruptions of Europe. The French Revolution, the wars of Napoleon, the deposition of monarchs, the crumbling of monarchies, the rise and fall of States, the remodeling of laws and institutions, succeed each other like the fancies of a dis-tempered imagination, or the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream. Those effects still continue. Europe is alternately in the throes of convulsion, or the fires smoulder sullenly beneath the surface. Let us trust, that all that is just, and wise, and conservative in her institutions, will be purified and refined, and that she will re-appear like the peaceful valley of the Andes, renovated and disen- thrallled.

But Fellow Citizens, we assemble to meditate at the tomb of Washington under peculiar and startling circumstances. If a momentary enthusiasm kindles in the memory of his virtues, it is checked by the recollection, that this monument of his patriotism, this Government under which we have enjoyed such marvellous prosperity, this

asylum for the oppressed, and beacon to re-animate with hope the down-trodden millions, is hastening to dissolution. The flame which he nurtured so tenderly and which now beams with so bright an effulgence, may soon—too soon—be quenched forever.

I know that a patriotic movement is on foot for the conservation of the Union, but that movement I firmly believe, can at the best, only interpose a short delay to a catastrophe woeful as it is inevitable. They cannot do more than revive it to a few years of painful and languid existence. Suspicion and distrust, have already replaced the religious and social ties which were its strongest bonds, and the two great parties now stand face to face, the one haughty, presumptuous, and aggressive, the other stern, resolute, and unyielding. I know that this is not the first strain to which the Union of these States has been exposed, and hitherto it has emerged brighter and stronger for the trial,—can it thus escape this present strain!

Henry Clay the great pacificator on former occasions was a Southern man—herein was his misfortune. The method of his mediation ensured its success, for it was founded on the christian principle of giving more than he took—heaping measure filled to the brim, and flowing over. Now the South startled by threats of subjugation, aroused by armed aggression, her soil red with the blood of citizens shed in its defence, sternly refuses to yield anything farther to the spirit of compromise. The North confident in her strength, insolent with repeated triumphs, and urged on by fanatics and demagogues, is equally obstinate.—Gentlemen if Mr. Crittenden or any other man, fancies that the mantle has fallen on his shoulders, he is mistaken. That garment was wrapped around the mortal remains of Henry Clay, and buried in his grave. God hath transferred him to a better sphere whence with Webster and with Washington, he gazes sorrowfully on the ruin he could not avert.

To those who regard the Harper's Ferry outrage as the act merely of John Brown and Gerrit Smith, I shall despair of making myself intelligible. The more that matter is looked into the graver it will appear. There is a significance that hangs around it, far deeper than such men as John Brown and Gerrit Smith could lend it. Remember

how the first intelligence was received at the North—unmistakable sympathy with the marauders, rather than their victims. Remember after the conviction, the powerful organization for a rescue—only frustrated by the timely precautions of this State. Remember after the execution, that minute guns are fired from the State Arsenal at Albany, by permission of the Governor of the powerful State of New York—that the proposition to adjourn over in the Massachusetts Senate is defeated by only three votes—that the press and pulpit of the North, very generally, concur in proclaiming him a martyr. Martyr! one can only become a martyr in a cause that is just and holy! and this man had aimed to subvert the common government—to inaugurate a war of races in a portion of the common country, and in that war to side with the alien race, against those of his own race and color!!

When the South in amazement demands to know if then she has no friends at the North, the answer is—"yes, but they are too busy just now to attend to your case. Wait until certain elections are over, and you shall hear from us." Well our Northern friends have spoken out—heavily and fearlessly,—they leave us no room to doubt their sincerity. Their sympathy is not alone a consolation—but the South with a just pride, an honest exultation, recognises among her Northern friends, names which the whole Nation has learned to love and to venerate. Yet about these meetings to express sympathy for the South, there are two things to be regretted—one that the sympathy of our friends should appear (only in appearance I hope) less active than the hatred of our enemies, another that our friends should so generally have coupled their assurances of sympathy, with assurances of protection, thereby giving countenance to the error which has been so industriously propagated, that the South needs protection—is unable to protect herself. This was a fatal mistake.

The Government under which we live, is no longer the Government framed by our fathers. That had conservative features, which have been eliminated from this. It is now the generally received doctrine that, the majority to which they remitted the supreme control, was a majority of mere numbers in which interests have no distinct representation. Our government has relapsed into a pure and

simple democracy. Power has at length gravitated to the great substratum of society, where existence is a life-long struggle with want, which has neither leasure, opportunity, nor abilities to master great questions of state—which is peculiarly exposed to the arts and appliances of unprincipled men. The change has been quite as radical at the South, as at the North, but here the resulting inconvenience has in comparison been so trifling, that we cannot comprehend, we cannot conceive, the mighty import of the change there. Every four years the splendid prize of the Presidency is to be competed for, and this change enables unscrupulous demagogues to banish, in ever increasing measure, honesty, virtue, and patriotism from the field of competition.

Listen to the pale faced miscreant, who now fills a seat on the floor of the United States Senate, and disgraces the State which sent him, and the Nation which tolerates his presence there,—listen to his bid for the Presidency. He points the shivering multitude, shivering in the cold Northern blast, to ever blooming plains that yield for annual export, more than two hundred millions of surplus—That charming clime, that perennial verdure, is reserved for African slaves, to your exclusion; they toil for a handful of nabobs and aristocrats—break the bonds of those slaves, and that land is yours. He points them to the census tables in proof that they have, or soon will have, the power to do so. And he broaches his theories of a higher law, and an irrepressible conflict, as flimsy screens for the shrinking conscience, while they bridge over the repugnance of human nature, to such atrocious wickedness.

The bid was truly as glittering as the prize. At the word of the tempter a great Northern Sectional party leaps into life, based upon principles unfriendly to Southern institutions—these infamous theories emblazoned on its banners—and Wm. H. Seward its acknowledged head, leader, and exponent. The act of John Brown is a strict logical sequence to the teachings and doctrines of this party.

There is yet another element of mischief. In the North Eastern corner of our territory dwells a peculiar people. A glance at their history will aid us in this investigation. Gentlemen permit me to say that I have a way of my

own of reading history—bear with me then while I glance at their history as I have read it, or rather perhaps, while I comment upon their history after my own fashion.

Early in the reign of James, I a band of religious enthusiasts fled from England, to avoid the operation of the Act to secure conformity in religious worship, and sought an asylum in Holland. Thence they dispatched emissaries, to examine the creeds and forms of every Protestant country of Europe, and having by this means satisfied themselves, that they could neither commune nor live in peace with any other people of Europe, (or indeed on God's earth) they resolved to found a state of their own on the new continent, whose institutions should conform to their own peculiar model of excellence. That model seems to have been the Jewish Theocracy under the Judges. The first obstacles which nature and the natives opposed to their settlement being overcome, it was found that as they could not harmonize with any other people, so neither could they live in peace with each other. The reason is obvious. Under their system, each congregation forms an independent church in itself, entitled to hold all and every opinion, on all and every subject. Now the Pilgrims (to borrow a phrase of their own) had not yet attained to that state of blissful indifference, which in these more hopeful times, permits the lambs and the wolves to feed in the same pastures, and herd in the same folds—the fanatic Cheever, the demagogue Beecher, the infidel Parker, and modified Arians, and rigid Calvinists, to worship in adjoining edifices, and to unite in such good works as the petition of the three thousand under Mr. Pierces administration or the pious collections taken up in their churches, to purchase the Sharp's Rifles used in Kansas, and at Harper's Ferry. So, dissensions breaking out, the Pilgrims, as was natural, beguiled the tedium of a wilderness life by, whipping, persecuting, and banishing each other. These, and similar diversions led to the formation of other settlements, offshoots, or colonies as it were, of the parent state. They all languished and would perhaps have been abandoned, if this stiff backed people could have lived with any other people, and excepting that the commotions of the mother country brought them timely reinforcements. The civil war in England recruited these colonies with a few zealots

like themselves doubtless, but also in very large proportion with men of a wholly different stamp. Advocates of the great principles of civil liberty—firm, wise, consistent—they were the very reverse of the narrow-minded bigots among whom their lot was hereafter to be cast. Motives of personal interest, combined with religious and political considerations, from time to time gave further accessions to their numbers—but in general the bigots and zealots retained control, until an event, which in its results drove them from power, gave to these colonies a new aspect social and political, and changed the whole current of their history.

That the peculiar tendency to religious phrensy, or the vein of insanity, which marked the crack-brained founders of these colonies was transmitted to their posterity, is proven by the event to which I must now allude. In a time of profound tranquility a groundless and unaccountable alarm seized on the public mind. An oppressive presentiment of impending evil, vague, shapeless, and inevitable, chilled the blood of this strange people—demoniac rage supervened, and curdled into deeds of blood. The hair bristling with supernatural horror, the eye gleaming with a wild, fierce, malignant light, they sought out as victims for slaughter, those members of the community who of all others, have the strongest claim upon the gratitude, and protection of a right-minded people. For strange as it may seem—far transcending the limits of human credulity were not the facts avouched beyond the possibility of cavil—more extravagantly, grotesquely, fantastically absurd, than the antics of any ring-tailed ape of the Tropical forest—the exciting cause of the paroxysm was a dread of elderly females!! they had taken up the notion that they were possessed with devils—that they were witches. It ended as suddenly as it began. Dismayed at the pitiless massacre, remorse, reflection, reaction, ensued—the zealots lost their influence and the men of sense came into power. Under their auspices New England starts on a new and glorious career—it is now that her name becomes associated, for once and forever, with the great cause of civil liberty, the struggle for human rights—that she endows her country with those warriors and sages who figure so worthily by the side of Washington.

But right-minded men have never been entirely secure in power in New England—the madmen, it is true, had been shut up in the churches, but this did not prevent them from howling their imprecations from the pulpit, and casting their fire brands from the doors and windows. Indeed there is less reason to wonder at their present activity in mischief, than for thankfulness that the conflagration has been so long delayed. At length, unhappily for themselves and the nation, a quarrel arose about the policy of fostering domestic manufactures. It was founded on divergent interests, and became chronic. Excitement grew apace, and the fanatical element again obtained the ascendancy. They came forth from their long confinement raging demoniacs—they abjured the religion of love, which some among them asserted to have outlived the objects of its institution, and in its place they set up the religion of hate. Mormonism appears, in which their original appreciation of the Jewish Theocracy is revived, but in the interval it has gained a step in advance, in the negation of Christ, and the restoration of the relations of the sexes to the footing in which they stood under the older dispensation. Co-eval with Mormonism, was the birth of Abolition, which denounces the written compact of the Union, as a league with death, and a covenant with hell—which rejects the Bible as a proslavery Bible, and God as a proslavery God. One curious phenomenon which they present must not pass unnoticed, though its elucidation I will leave to others. They have reversed the signification of some of the commonest words and phrases of the language. Thus “love” means “hate,” “duty” “theft,” “martyr” “traitor” or “murderer,” by “religious obligation” or “duty to God,” they mean “disregard of a solemn oath of allegiance,” and philanthropy” is the term by which they express the insane and diabolical hatred which they cherish, for that timid and inoffensive race which God has placed under our guardianship. Their energy is frightful. An army of teachers, preachers, lecturers and emissaries of every hue and sex incessantly perambulates the country—but their chief assaults are on the schools and educational establishments ; for it is there that youth first learns to know and be proud of the greatness of his country, and there only the feeling can be effectually extirpa-

ted. The characteristic of this species of mania is the extraordinary keenness of its scent for slaughter. History proves it capable of following this scent, with unwearied perseverance, through many successive generations—such is its nature.

See this army in battle array, with heresy and blasphemy written on its banners, a motley crew, more grotesque than the throng of Faquirs which rushed on the serried ranks of Aurungzebe. See the warlike chieftain on the left—him of the haughty crest—that is Free Love, with emotional sympathy, and passionual attraction jargon. See that stately warrior on the right, whose nodding plumes appear to shake the solid earth—that is Spiritualism! mouthing an unintelligible gibberish about spirits, and mediums, and white and blue rays—which is become possible, because the pillory, which was a practical institution in the days of Lord Mansfield, has fallen into desuetude. See the raging virago of the centre and the van—her eyes gleaming with the lurid fires of insanity, her visage distorted by the proxysms of impotent hate—her hair streams in the gale, her polished cuirass, and burnished buckler flash back the sun in defiance—that is THE peculiar institution of New England—a strong minded woman. Elsewhere there are learned scientific and literary ladies—occasionally a blue stocking—the beldams of the Parisian mob of the first Revolution are undoubtedly congeners—but your strong minded woman of the Bloomer type, of the Abby Kelly, Lucretia Mott, or Susan Anthony species, has not been discovered, that I am aware of, without the pale of New England society. These are the Sun, and Moon, and Planets of the galaxy—but behind them in the ranks, stars of the first magnitude are shining, which but that their ineffectual fires pale in the light of larger luminaries, would in themselves suffice to light a world with scorn and derision—co-ercive temperance men, antimasons, millenarians, transcendentalists.

The ostensible pretext of the present outbreak is (were that possible) as absurd as the former. They have taken up the notion, that the South, which is the minority, designs to force on the North, which is the majority, her system of African slavery—hence, to arrest so dire a calamity, theft, murder, arson, civil and servile war, are not

alone justifiable, but in the highest degree commendable in the sight of God. Or to give them the benefit of Mr. Seward's exposition—if free labor does not crush out slave labor, slave labor will crush out free labor, and the effort to surmount this profound proposition has crazed their feeble brains.

When the traveler Gulliver was carried before the King of the Brobdingnags, he relates, that the etiquette of the court was for a moment broken up. His majesty, his daughter, and their attendants, crowded around him in mute wonder at this diminutive specimen of their race. While they were yet lost in profound astonishment, a female monkey, mistaking him doubtless for a juvenile sample of her own kind, glided unnoticed among them, snatched up the little man, and fled with him to the roof of the Palace. There, while the king, the princess, her ladies, and the courtiers, dare not interfere lest she should let him fall, the monkey crams his mouth with the contents of the pouch under her cheek. Gulliver confesses that under the circumstances he was obliged to submit, but the next time she tried it, he drew his sword and stood on his defence. Will the South be less valiant than was Gulliver the traveler, when it is sought to defile her with the impure and filthy ribaldry, and blasphemous dogmas of these madmen!

The political power of this nation is now vested in the great masses of the North. These masses already imbued with opinions unfriendly or hostile to the institutions of the South, are assailed at once by an army of demagogues and an army of fanatics—with lying misrepresentations of the condition and treatment of our slaves—perverted scraps of Holy Writ—flimsey theories of religion and morality—insidious appeals to the passions, interests, fears or wants. Already they are arrayed into that sectional party I have described, which claims to be, and which may be, a numerical majority of the nation. See the mighty host, whose line of battle stretches over more than a thousand miles; listen to the wail of Southern men robbed, and ruthlessly murdered on the plains of Kansas; whence this odor of blood that reeks in the atmosphere of Virginia! What is the interpretation that will inevitably be given, to propositions of compromise coming from the

weaker party, against whom this formidable array is directed? What are the chances that our Northern friends will be able to stay, and turn back this headlong torrent? Estimate if you can the influence which such men as Everett and Cushing, are likely to have in a State, which denies a nich in the Halls of its State House to the statue of Daniel Webster!! But the heart of the great North once beat true to the Constitution and the Union! how long will it be safe to trust, that that feeling can withstand the attacks systematically made upon it? Have we not too much reason to deem that feeling enfeebled, if not wholly reversed? There is a terrible significance about this John Brown affair!

The position of the South is defensive, not aggressive. She does not desire, she may be driven to disunion. Her love for this fairest fabric of Government yet reared by human hands, can only be extinguished by perverting it into an instrument of oppression. How long can that love be expected to withstand the assaults of these madmen? There is a fatal significance about this John Brown affair!

But the fate of this Union does not rest with the South—it rests with the great Northern masses. I should have no distrust of the American people if this question could be fairly brought before them, but that by the means at present proposed, is simply impossible. Is it then wise—is it consistent with the great principle of self-preservation, to ignore the portents of the storm—to permit ourselves to be lulled into false security by another patched up compromise? No, Fellow Citizens believe me! the part of true wisdom is to look this danger full in the face—to bring this matter to an issue, and to obtain satisfactory security for our equality and our rights under this Government or—perish the Union!

If we would gather a lesson from the example of Washington, let us remember that he regarded the unjust policy of the parent State, as an attempt to subjugate his country under the forms of law, and resisted. To permit this Government to be controlled by the great Northern Sectional Party, and administered in accordance with its principles—what would that be but subjugation under legal forms?

But Fellow Citizens! if heavy gloom—mournful and impenetrable—hangs over the future of our National Gov-

ernment, there is yet a spot to which the heart of the patriot may turn for consolation,—there is yet a Shrine at which his love-offerings may be laid. Come with me to the banks of that noblest of our rivers, that veins and fertilizes the centre of the State. Not on the borders of the Haven at its mouth, where the navies of the world might ride in security; nor in that grand Ampetheatre among the mountains, where the springs, and rivolets, and torrents in conclave, decree its birth—but come with me to where its sparkling waters are hastening over a rocky bed, to their marriage with the tide—where the rugged hills have assumed their softest outlines, and crowned with groves, and gay with flowers and verdure, approach in slopes of a placid beauty, a tranquil grace, which only the hand of Omnipotence can bestow!

But we must turn from all this loveliness to gaze on yonder fane. There dwells the Nationality of Virginia. It is Virginia herself, enthroned, majestic—yet lovely in the last rays of the sunset. Adorned with stately columns, robed in snowy drapery, whose whiteness is the purity, the heroism, the devotion, of her sons, and of her daughters! Great Shade! Mother of Washington! at thy beck warriors, and statesmen shall start from thy soil, and genius to herald thy renown!! And the hum of multitudes arises from the city of jasper, and of gold, that clings to her feet, and the waters flowing, flowing, flowing, leaping, laughing, flashing, foaming in rocky channels, or murmuring among the willow-fringed Islands—ever murmur that new song which none but the elect can learn. And now

The night leans gently from
The slowly fading West,
Wearing a single silver star
Upon her shadowy breast—

and the vision fades from view. It fades from the sight, Fellow Citizens, but not let me trust from the heart. In the innermost recesses—in the profoundest depths of the heart that image let me trust is indelibly stamped

There in its centre * * * * *

Burns the slow flame eternal but unseen

which in the hour of trial, shall nerve her children to do and to dare, all that the interest, the honor, the glory of that good Mother, may demand of them

